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GLOTTA, OR THE CLYDE,

A POEM.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
MARQUIS OF CARNARVON.

BY
JAMES ARBUCKLE, A.M.

STUDENT IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

Oh, ye! whose tender hearts were taught to mourn,
By Nature's genius, in your poet, BURN,
Whose pen, our country's dearest scenes retrac'd,
Whose soul, the virtues of our country grac'd.

Protect an artist! 'tis his only aim!
To paint the scenes, the poet deign'd to name;
Content and happy in his humble pride,
To shew his native soil—the SHORES OF CLYDE.

TU MIHI, TIMOLEON, MAGNI SPES MAXIMA PATRIS,
NEC PATRIÆ MINOR, AONII NOVUS INCOLA MONTIS,
ADDE GRADUM COMES. ————— BUCH. DE SPHÆRA.

London:

PRINTED BY HENRY REYNELL, NO. 21, PICCADILLY.

1810

THE FASHIONABLE TOUR ALONG THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

THE FASHIONABLE TOUR
ALONG THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

No. 13, *Old Bond Street.*

MARSHALL'S EXTENSIVE PANORAMA

Of the matchless BEAUTIES of the CLYDE,

FROM THE FALLS DOWN TO THE IRISH SEA,

UPON A NEW AND INTERESTING PLAN, AS IF TRAVELLING ALONG THE BANKS;

Comprehending a Variety of Landscape of above One Hundred Miles, PR

IN TWO DIVISIONS.

UPPER DIVISION, OR THE FALLS, &c.

1. Bonnington Lin or Fall, from the Corra side, being the most picturesque view, taking the Fall in front.

2. The truly romantic view on the Clyde looking up to the Bonnington Fall, with tremendous rocks on each side, overtopped with trees, with a Swivel Bridge across a deep chasm about 12 feet wide, which contains the whole of the vast current of Clyde, unless when very large.

3. A view of the same kind, looking down the water, commanding a prospect of the ancient ruins of old Corra-house, which stands on a large cliff of rocks, separate from the main ground by a deep vacuity, over which there has been a Draw-bridge.

4. Lanark Cotton-mills, with a view of the town.

5. Corra Lin or Fall, from the Bonnington side, gives a different view of the old Corra's ruins, which overhangs the Fall; New House situated on a beautiful declining bank towards the river, richly wooded.

6. Sunnyside, the property of Mr. Walkinshaw, commanding a most extensive view; Kirkfield on the opposite bank.

7. The Village of Kirkfield Bank, beautifully situated at the commencement of the New Road betwixt Lanark and Hamilton.

8. Lanark Bridge, with pleasant braes below the town, Bonnington and Braxfield in the middle ground; Tinto Hill at a distance; to the left the Mousie River and Bridge, &c.

9. Stonebyres Lin or Fall, from which the water travels very rapidly

over large stones; the mill and wild scenery on each side.

10. The beautiful turn the Clyde takes on its departure from the Fall, with the Salmon Cruive belonging to Stonebyres House.

11. Carfin House, with that of Stonebyres to the right amongst its hugh woods; Tinto Hill at a distance.

12. The Villages of Nethan Foot and Crossford, several seats in the neighbourhood.

13. Milton House and Grounds, with Clyde & Milton Mills.—The Millers' Cottages, &c.

14. Mauldsie Castle, offices and grounds, garden, &c. charmingly laid out; the seat of the Earl of Hyndford.

15. The Village and Church of Dalserf, with house and orchards, the seat of Capt. Hamilton; the opposite banks are beautiful.

16. Cambusuetan, the seat of Rob. Lockhart, Esq. with offices & pleasure grounds richly wooded.

17. A delightful winding reach of the River, at the close of which stands Dalziel, the seat of Gen. Hamilton.

18. Town of Hamilton, with the Duke's Palace, pleasure grounds, &c.

19. Bridge of Hamilton, over which is seen the Ross, the seat of Capt. Aikman; to the right is Chatelrault, and the Ross Bridge over the Evan, which joins the Clyde at Hamilton Bridge.

20. Bothwell Bridge, famed for the Battle of that name; Bothwell and Douglas Parks.

21. Blantyre Cotton Mills closes the Upper Ward, and presents a very picturesque view; a Ferry, &c.

Admittance to this Division, 1s.

Tickets for the Season, 5s.

UNDER DIVISION.

THE UNDER DIVISION OF CLYDE

COMMENCES WITH

1. A most beautiful view of the ruins of Bothwell Castle, taken from Blantyre Priory; also on the right the seat of Lord Douglas—truly grand.
2. Daldowie, the property of John Bogle, Esq.
3. A most picturesque Evening view of the Village of Carmile, where the Clyde falls into a mill lead on each side, forming a rural fall across the river.
4. Clyde and Carmile Mills, &c.
5. A splendid Moonlight view of Rosebank and Moriston, the properties of Misses Dale; a very pleasant effect.
6. A Night view of Clyde Iron Works, representing the magnificent splendor of the furnaces in full blaze.
7. Easter Hill; Mr. Finlay's property.
8. Dalbeath, the seat of Jas. Hopkirk, Esq.
9. Morning Dawn, a beautiful view of the banks at Rutherglen, Dalmarnock, Hamilton Farm, &c.
10. Distant view of GLASGOW, with the Villages of Camlachie and Rutherglen Bridge end, with contiguous cotton mills and dye works to the left; on the right is Shawfield, the property of Dr. Cleghorn.
11. A most extensive view of the City of Glasgow, from Adelphi-street, on the south side of the Clyde. On the right is the green, with Lord Nelson's monument, washing house, and the wooden bridge across the Clyde; in the centre is the old bridge across from the Gorbals to the foot of Stockwell-street; and on the left is the new bridge and shipping at the Broomielaw, the Village of Anderston, &c.
12. Finieston, Mr. Geddes' crystal works.
13. Stobcross, Mr. Phillips, with Mr. Logan's House on the right.
14. The Village of Govan, with the fishers' huts, &c.
15. The Point, or Ferry House; the conflux of the rivers Kelvin and Clyde; the Village and Castle of Partick, &c.
16. A most beautiful view from Dunnotter Hill on the north side of the Clyde, with the Iron Works on the fore ground; Dumbarton and Dunglass Castles at a distance; and among the trees on the opposite side is Erskine House, the seat of Lord Blantyre; Erskine Ferry, &c.
17. Dumbuck Hill and the Lone Craig; the Village of Milton lies betwixt them. This view and all the rest are from the south side.
18. Town and Castle of Dumbarton, Ben Lomond, &c.
19. Port Glasgow; Vessels arriving and departing; the Frith of Clyde beautifully opening; a harvest scene with reapers at work, &c.
20. A distant view of Greenock, with Argyll's bowling green, &c. opposite.
21. Baillie Gemmell's house, offices and pleasure grounds, &c.
22. A near view of Greenock from the Braes behind Caresdyke, with Roseneath, Ardenconnel, Helensburgh, &c.
23. Gourock, with its Bay, most delightful bathing quarters.
24. Cloach Light-house, &c.
25. Denoon Ferry, with the Cowell Hills.
26. Ardgowan, the seat of Sir John Schaw Stewart, Bart. with the Hills of Arran, Bute, Cumbries, &c. in the offing.

Admittance to this Division, One Shilling.

Tickets for the Season, not transferable, 5s.

Illuminated from Eleven in the Morning, till Ten at Night.

N. B. This Poem on "THE CLYDE" to be had at the Rooms.

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GLOTTA:

Poem.

SACRED, O GLOTTA! be the following strains;
Thy flow'ry borders, and thy pleasing plains,
Inspire the Muse. CARNARVON, present be,
I sing of GLOTTA, and I sing to thee;
Whose late appearance in these northern climes
Is thus reflected back in northern rhiimes.

Windsor's fair Forest in the Poet's lays
Its verdant beauties far and wide displays;
Nor length of time can change the beauteous scene,
Become immortal in the godlike strain.
Ev'n trees long since decay'd, in verse arise,
And wave for ever in fictitious skies.
Oh! did my breast with equal ardour glow,
So GLOTTA's flood should in my numbers flow.

Not Cooper's Hill more graceful should appear;
Nor lovely Loddon's crystal waves more clear.
Tho' Thames in five degrees of better skies,
Nearer the sun, and royal Brunswick lies:
Tho' fair Augusta's tow'rs his banks adorn,
And plenty boasts an unexhausted horn,
Our GLOTTA yet with justice lays her claim
To share his beauty, tho' not wealth and fame.
Here nature's charms in gay confusion rise,
Not less delightful, while they give surprise.
There mountains cap'd with everlasting snow,
Defend from storms the fruitful vales below.
Here palaces along the river's side,
Illustrious tremble in the silver tide.
Fair fields of corn enrich the labour'd soil,
The reaper's treasure now, as once his toil.
On either side sequester'd arbours close,
And awful scenes of silent bliss compose;
High o'er the rest the oak his head uprears;
To brave the tempests of a thousand years.
Ev'n the bold shores that break the foaming flood,
No frightful prospect yield, tho' wild and rude;
But marks to guide the trembling pilot stand,
And in their arms import him safe to land.

As mighty things from small beginnings rise,
So GLOTTA's flood at first a brook supplies,
Till by the confluence of successive streams,
The swelling current larger channel claims.
Now rifted mountains interrupt its course,
In vain; resistance but augments its force.

Calm and serene, it passage first demands,
 And in suspence a while collected stands,
 Till grown impatient with too long delay,
 It gathers all its rage, and bursts its way.
 As o'er the steeps* the rushing torrents break,
 The mountains tremble, and the vallies shake.
 With dreadful din the deep abyss resounds ;
 Our ears not more the crush of thunder wounds,
 But soon appeas'd, again it gently flows,
 And lips the flow'ry margin as it goes.†

And now the groves of HAMILTON appear,
 Th' enamour'd flood retards its progress here :
 Unnumber'd beauties crowd the verdant plain,
 And sweetly mingle with the Sylvan scene.
 Here art and nature, seeming to contest,
 Not more to please us, than delude us best,
 Disguise their form, and borrow'd postures chuse ;
 Nature is regular, and art profuse.
 In these retreats a long illustrious line
 Their fair abode th' indulgent pow'rs assign ;
 A race of Heroes fam'd in ages past ;
 Oh, may their virtues propagate and last !

* Bonnington and Corra Lins falls above Lanark, and Stone Byers Lin, &c. below it. Three beautiful cataracts on the Clyde.

† Passing Carfin, the villages of Nethenfoot and Cross Ford, Milton-house and Mills, Maulslic Castle, the seat of the Earl of Hindford, the village of Dalserf, Cambus nethen, and Dalzell.

Of lovely EVAN who the charms can tell,
 Whose clear chaste waves thy bosom, GLOTTA, swell?
 Two verdant hillocks bank the shining stream,
 Their image quiv'ring in the wat'ry gleam.
 In the fair mirror pleas'd the wood-nymphs look,
 And draw green landscapes on the mimic brook:
 Here on a rugged rock with wild surprise,
 BARNCLEUGH's high terraces romantic rise;
 A hanging Paradise, enchanted scenes,
 Gay precipices, and refracted greens.

Oh, happy he! whom bounteous Heav'n shall give
 The nauseous world forsaking here to live;
 In humble virtues all his hours employ,
 And feel his bosom pant with silent joy:
 Contemplate Heav'n, and look upon the sun,
 See the trees blossom, and the river run:
 Amid the shades in sober transports walk,
 And hold with conscious Heav'n mysterious talk.
 Here with contempt he mortals may behold,
 In low pursuits of empty bliss grow old,
 Himself possessing all that nature knows,
 Conducive or to pleasure, or repose.

Descending with the winding flood, the muse
 A joyless sight, deserted BOTHWELL views; .
 Late gen'rous FORFAR's*; who by rebels slain,
 Abates the glory of thy fields, Dumblain.

* Earl of Forfar, slain at the battle of Sheriffmuir in 1715, resided at Bothwell-castle, nine miles from Glasgow, where the Countess, his mother, lived for several years after his death; it now belongs to Lord Douglas, having been greatly enlarged by the last Duke, after his Castle of Douglas was burnt down.

Are these thy gifts, oh, fatal love of fame!
 And must a life be lost to win a name?
 In equal hazards must the virtuous be,
 Who fight to save, and conquer to set free,
 With those that grown in impious actions bold,
 Boast all their merit kings and countries sold?
 Yes, GLOTTA, justly thou thy valiant son
 Might'st in sad strains, and sadder yet bemoan;
 Who brought new honours to a mighty name,
 Of antient date and near ally'd to fame:
 But Heav'n reproves thy grief and bids thee smile,
 Yet happy in an ORKNEY, and ARGYLE.

Through flow'ry vallies, and enamel'd meads,*
 The hastening flood at length to GLASGOW speeds.
 Its northern bank a lovely Green displays,
 Whose ev'ry prospect fresh delights conveys.
 Alternate shades of blowing flow'rs we view
 Of various tincture, wash'd in fragrant dew.
 Here the shrill larks their matin songs repeat,
 The yielding air the tender strains dilate,
 As o'er the surface of the stream they glide;
 And sweetly languish on the silver tide.
 Here, when declining Sol extends the shades,
 Resort victorious throngs of charming maids.
 Not fabled Paphos, or th' Arcadian plain,
 Could ever boast a brighter virgin train;

* The village of Carmile, Moriston, Rose Banks, and Clyde Iron Works; the banks of Rutherglen, &c.

More gentle looks, or eyes more sparkling show,
 Or cheeks that with a livelier crimson glow.
 What envious pow'r then first contriv'd, or made
 That foe to beauty, and to love a plaid*?
 Destruction seize the guilty garb, that holds
 Conceal'd such charms in its malicious folds.
 Of this, O Thyrsis, could thy strains unshrine,
 Thy Saccharissa, how the fair would shine!
 Her bright example would the law impose,
 And all the green a galaxy disclose.

In winter too, when hoary frosts o'erspread,
 The verdant turf, and naked lay the mead,
 The vig'rous youth commence the † sportive war,
 And arm'd with lead, their jointed clubs prepare;
 The timber curve to leathern orbs apply,
 Compact, elastic, to pervade the sky:
 These to the distant hole direct they drive;
 They claim the stakes who thither first arrive.
 Intent his ball the eager gamester eyes,
 His muscles strains, and various postures tries,
 Th' impelling blow to strike with greater force,
 And shape the motive orb's projectile course.
 If with due strength the weighty engine fall,
 Discharg'd obliquely, and impinge the ball,
 It winding mounts aloft and sings in air;
 And wond'ring crowds the gamester's skill declare.

* The plaid, the ancient dress of the Caledonians.

† The Game of Golf.

But when some luckless wayward stroke descends,
 Whose force the ball in running quickly spends,
 The foes triumph, the club is curs'd in vain;
 Spectators scoff, and ev'n allies complain.
 Thus still success is follow'd with applause;
 But ah! how few espouse a vanquish'd cause!

The Muse would sing when GLASGOW she surveys,
 But GLASGOW's beauty shall outlast her lays.
 Though small in compass, not the least in fame,
 She boasts her lofty tow'rs, and antient name.
 Rais'd eminent the sacred pile appears,
 Rev'rend with age, but not impair'd by years,
 From holy MUNGO nam'd; of daring height,
 And antique structure, awful to the sight.
 To Heav'n their homage here the living pay;
 Here wait the dead the dawn of endless day.
 The neighb'ring rocks and mingled graves increase
 The silent horrors of the sacred place;
 Bid human-kind their latter end discern,
 And living well, the art of dying learn.

Oh, how my breast with ardent wishes glows!
 The Muses now their lov'd retreat disclose,
 With pious care preserving still in bloom
 Transplanted hither, th' arts of Greece and Rome.
 Here in long mazes of abstracted thought
 Thy footsteps, Truth, the learned tribe have sought.
 Our virtuous youth the generous chase pursue,
 Improving ancient arts, or searching new:

Not idly resting in the show of things,
But tracing nature to her hidden springs.
Yon' radiant host of rolling orbs above,
How vast their circles, and how swift they move;
What pow'r directs their everlasting line,
By turns to seek the centre, or decline.
What second-cause Heav'n's high commands performs
In shatt'ring tempests, and convulsive storms;
When in an awful gloom the clouds arise,
Blue lightnings flash, and thunders burst the skies.
Why cold the fluid element restores
A harder substance, yet of wider pores.
Or what more nearly touches human-kind,
The pow'rs and nature of immortal mind,
Which only conscious of its being, knows
Th' eternal source from whence that being flows.
How laws their force and sanctity obtain,
How far they reach, and what they should restrain.
Whence flow the rules the good and just obey,
And how themselves all virtue's arts repay.
Happy pursuits that bring serene delight,
Endear past labours, and to new invite.
Let vice display her charms, nor we embrace,
Her gay delusions, and fallacious peace:
Where short's the truce we from our torments gain,
And varying pleasure but perpetuates pain.
These better arts into the mind convey
More lively joys, and in a nobler way.

Excuse, my Lord, the Muse, nor disapprove
These faint expressions of a well-meant love.

This verse at least was to a mother due,
 Nor ill discharg'd the debt when paid to you,
 Whose generous visit to the reverend dame
 Renews her lustre, and asserts her fame,
 Oh, may it last! and she continue late
 Lov'd by the wise, and honour'd by the great,
 Propitious fates the matron still attend:
 MONTROSE protect, and CHANDOIS long befriend.*

ALBION may boast, nor boasts indeed in vain,
 Of Learning's sons a long illustrious train;
 Inspired bards, and sages born to view
 Truth's dark recesses, and look nature thro':
 Nor envy, SCOTIA, thou a sister's worth,
 While Phœbus plants his laurels in the north.
 Here DOUGLAS, here the noble MAITLAND sung;†
 Th' Ausonian lyre here fam'd BUCHANAN strung.
 Exalted high the godlike genius shines,
 A British bard confess'd in Roman lines.
 Oh greatly injur'd shade! who shall atone
 The wrongs to thee by envious critics done?
 My ardent vow may Heav'n indulgent hear,
 And tune to British strains thy charming Sphere.

* The first Chancellor of the University. The second gave a be-nefaction to the College, which enabled them to finish that elegant building where the public Library is kept.

† Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, and John Maitland, late Earl of Lauderdale.

But small were fame from ages past deriv'd,
Unless an equal genius still surviv'd.
Its antient vigour still the soil exerts;
In arms by none, by few excell'd in arts.

O happy GLOTTA, such a realm to boast;
A realm unless by thee supported, lost.
Her's are the fruits thy floating forests yield,
And th' annual harvests of the wat'ry field.
For her thy oaks their native realms explore,
Despoiling kingdoms which they grac'd before.
Thy plenteous flood a scaly breed supplies;
And seas produce the gold the land denies.
An hundred nations by thy bounty live
And in return their wealth to Britain give.
See! how in shoals the finny squadrons sail,
Their numbers dreadful to the tyrant whale.
Thro' the green wave the sparkling herring springs,
The surface breaking into silver rings.
The broad-back'd cod his scarlet gills displays,
Devours his neighbours, and usurps the seas.
Couch'd on the deep, a horrid monster lies
The seal, and barks to silent rocks and skies.
In vain their number, and their strength in vain,
Can fraud oppose, or industry restrain:
Caught in the net, a certain prey they lie,
Or by the hook's dissembling bounty die.
Ev'n deeper yet, our luxury pursues
The slumb'ring oyster in its peaceful ooze.

Delicious morsel! what, alas! avail
 Thy lucid globe, and close indented mail?
 But what is losing such a life as thine,
 If in a crown the ripen'd drop shall shine;
 Or on BELINDA's panting bosom shown,
 Enslave a thousand hearts, besides her own?
 Repine not we, tho' barb'rous nations boast
 Exhaustless riches in a golden coast;
 Since in our floods are lodg'd those precious stores,
 That join both worlds, and make their product ours.*
 These blessings Heav'n, and Liberty bestow;
 And such thy happy portion, GLOTTA, now.

Not such the times our great forefathers saw,
 Whose lives were endless war, and arms their law;
 When factions Thanes the public peace withstood,
 And Scottish fields profan'd with Scottish blood.
 Ere yet the fate-inferring Marble Chair†
 Its dark mysterious meaning did declare,

* Greenock and Port Glasgow, two large Sea Port Towns near the Mouth of the Clyde.

† This Marble Chair was the seat in which the Kings of Scotland were crowned at Scone; but was carried away by Edward I. into England, when he had almost subdued Scotland. And as tradition says of the inscription on the bottom of this Chair, viz. That where-ever it was to be carried to, the Kings of Scotland would become Sovereigns of that country, which was fulfilled by James VI. succeeding Queen Elizabeth in the Crown of England. This Marble Chair makes part of the Seat in Westminster Abbey, in which the Kings of Britain are yet crowned.

Or our proud Thistle mingled with the Rose,
To bid defiance to BRITANNIA's foes.
The fruitful fields, neglected, scarcely fed
The hardy race, who to defend them bled:
Nor hills nor vales could other prospects show,
Than sights obscene, and monuments of woe.
Then GLOTTA, leaning on her silver urn,
Was heard her desolated shores to mourn.
Her flowing tresses dropping pearls no more,
With sedge, and slimy ooze were clotted o'er,
Horror her garb, her look dejection wears,
Her mantle bloody, and her eyes in tears.
When on the hills a second-sighted sage,
In vision rais'd, tho' bending down with age,
Appear'd, and ravish'd into future times,
Compos'd her sorrows in prophetic rhimes.

Forbear, he said, fair nymph, thy griefs forbear,
Nor give a loose to terror, and despair.
The time shall come, the time already see !
The joyful reign of glorious Liberty :
When generous views thy sons shall reconcile,
And peace and plenty on thy borders smile.
In hostile banks then TWEED shall flow no more,
But join the realms she did divide before.
Where little tyrants rul'd a ravag'd land,
There lawful Kings shall stretch their just command,
Attentive hear their injur'd people groan,
And make the weary ploughman's toils his own :
Secure the fields in their entrusted grain,
Bear down th' oppressor, and protect the swain.

Safe on thy banks thy peaceful sons shall stray,
 To throw the net, and seize the scaly prey.
 For then unus'd to tumults and alarms,
 Thy youth shall find no further use of arms,
 Nor foes pursue, but in the Sylvan chace:
 And wage no war but with the brutal race.

Cease then thy fears, erect thy downcast eyes,
 See fairer days, and brighter suns arise:
 Thy fields with corn, thy borders crown'd with woods,
 And goodly navies floating in thy floods,
 Mankind deliver'd from the slaught'ring sword,
 Justice triumphant, and her scales restor'd:
 Mercy infolding wretches in her arms,
 And Faith all shining with unspotted charms.
 He said; the rushing winds forgot to blow,
 Smooth was the surface, and the waves roll'd slow:
 The Goddess smil'd, and from her radiant eyes
 A cheerful gleam o'erspread the wat'ry skies:
 Around her flock'd the nymphs, and little loves,
 And gentle zephyrs fann'd the fragrant groves.

Be yours, my Lord, in after years the care
 Some Royal BRUNSWICK's gracious toils to share.
 The patriot second the imperial smile,
 And equal shine on all the British Isle,
 'Till all disgusts, and secret murmurs gone,
 The realm in int'rest as in name be one:
 Impartial riches flow in ev'ry stream,
 And THAMES and GLOTTA mutual friendship claim.

While I, the meanest of the tuneful train,
Describe green fields, and paint the Sylvan scene:
Happy, if GLOTTA in my strains shall be
Grac'd with poetic banks, and first by me.

FINIS.

CLYDE'S WELCOME TO HIS PRINCE.

(FROM RAMSAY'S POEMS).

WHAT cheerful sounds from every side I hear,
 How beauteous on their banks my nymphs appear !
 Got through these massy mountains at my source,
 O'er rocks stupendous* of my upper course ;
 To these fair plains where I more smoothly move,
 Thro' verdant vales to meet †EVAN's love.
 Yonder she comes beneath Dodona's shade,
 How blythe she looks ? how sweet and gaylie clad ?
 Her flow'ry bounds bear all the pride of May,
 While round her soft meanders shepherds play.
 Hail, lovely Naid ! to my bosom large,
 Amidst my stores commit thy crystal charge,
 And speak these joys all thy deportment shews,
 That to old Ocean I may have good news :
 With solemn voice, thus spoke majestic CLYDE :
 In softer notes lov'd EVAN thus reply'd :

* The river falls over several high precipices, such as Bonnington, and Corra's Lin, Stane Byre Lin, &c

† The small river Evan which joins the Clyde near Hamilton.

Great GLOTTA! long have I had cause to mourn,
 While my forsaken stream gush'd from my urn ;
 Since my late LORD, his nation's just delight,
 Greatly lamented sunk in endless night.
 His hopeful STEM, our chief desire and boast,
 Expos'd to danger on some foreign coast,
 Lonely, for years, I've murmur'd on my way,
 When dark I wept, and sigh'd in shining day.

The Sire return'd, just reasons for thy pains,
 So long to wind through solitary plains :
 Thy loss was mine, I sympathiz'd with thee,
 Since one our griefs, then share thy joys with me.

Then hear me, liquid chieftain of the dale,
 Hush all your cat'racts till I tell my tale,
 Then rise and roar, and kiss your bord'ring flowers,
 And sound our joys around yon lordly tow'rs ;
 Yon lordly towers, which happy now contain
 Our brave and youthful PRINCE, return'd again.

Welcome, in loudest raptures, cry'd the flood,
 His welcome echo'd from each hill and wood ;
 Enough, EVANA, long may they contain
 The noble youth, safely return'd again.
 From the green mountain* where I lift my head,
 With my twin-brothers ANNAN and the TWEED,

* From the same hill, the rivers Clyde, Tweed, and Annan have their rise; yet run to three different seas, viz. the Northern Ocean, the German Ocean, and the Irish Sea.

To those high arches*, where, as Culdees sing,
 The pious MUNGO fish'd the trout and ring.
 My fairest nymphs shall on my margin play,
 And make ev'n all the year one holy day.
 The Sylvan powers and watches of each height,
 Where fleecy flocks and climbing goats delight,
 Shall from their groves and rocky mountains roam,
 To join with us, and sing his welcome home.
 With lofty notes we'll sound his high descent,
 His dawning merits and heroic bent.
 These early rays which stedfastly shall shine,
 And add new glories to his antient line ;
 A line ay loyal, and fir'd with generous zeal,
 The bravest patrons of the common-weal ;
 From him who plung'd his sword (so muses † sing)
 Deep in his breast, who durst defame our King.
 We'll sing the fire which in his bosom glows
 To warm his friends, and scorch his daring foes ;
 Endow'd with all these sweet, yet manly charms,
 As fit him for the fields of love, or arms :
 Fixt in an high and independent state,
 Above to act what's little, to be great.

* The bridge of Glasgow, where, as 'tis reported, St. Mungo, the patron of that city, drew up a fish that brought him a ring which had been dropt; which miracle Glasgow retains the memory of in their arms.

† Vide the ingenious Mr. Patrick Gordon's account of this illustrious family.

Guard him, first Pow'r, whose hand directs the sun,
And teach him through dark caverns for to run;
Long may he on his own fair plains reside,
And slight my rival THAMES, and love his CLYDE.

FINIS.

ad hanc locum venient quid latenter
etiam in aperto etiam in submerso etiam in
puncto etiam in vaste etiam in
lata etiam in rufa etiam in nigra etiam



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